

you wouldn't know a good thing (if it came up and slit your throat). by uncaringerinn

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Summary:

He comes out to the edge of Hawkins; all trees and dirt and hazy, nighttime sky. He comes out to the edge of Hawkins and pretends he doesn't feel the itch under the too-tight pull of his skin. Pretends it's a coincidence that Billy Hargrove just happens to be in the same place at the same time.

Steve pretends he doesn't know how this will end.

(With blood on his lips and Billy's low, throaty laughter in his ear.)

**you wouldn't know a good thing (if it came up and slit
your throat).**

*empty another bottle and let me tear you to pieces
this is me wishing you into the worst situations
i'm the kind of kid that can't let anything go
but you wouldn't know a good thing if it came up and slit your throat*

Steve thinks that Billy Hargrove is a force of nature; a sick-thick burn that scorches deep. Billy destroys everything he touches.

Because he wants to. Because he *can*.

Maybe, Steve thinks, it's because Billy doesn't know any better, has never known anything different. But really, Steve knows it's because Billy *enjoys* the ruin he leaves behind, loves watching others clean up the mess he's made.

Truth be told, Steve spends most of his nights wondering just how many times he'll let Billy make a mess of *him*.

And tonight's not any different.

He tells himself he came here for the fresh air, to clear his mind, decompress. The nightmare of the Upside-Down has left him feeling stuck inside his skin. He can't come out of this cage, but he can pretend that it's not smothering him.

"I'm fine," he tells his mother when she asks about the bruises on his face.

"I'm fine," he lies to Nancy when she asks if he's getting enough sleep.

"I'm fine," he says to Dustin when the other boy asks him if Steve's *okay*.

And the monsters might be gone and the gate might be closed, but

Steve hasn't been *okay* in a long time.

So, he comes out to the edge of Hawkins; all trees and dirt and hazy, nighttime sky. He comes out to the edge of Hawkins and pretends he doesn't feel the itch under the too-tight pull of his skin. Pretends it's a coincidence that Billy Hargrove just happens to be in the same place at the same time.

Steve pretends he doesn't know how this will end.

(With blood on his lips and Billy's low, throaty laughter in his ear.)

Steve stares at the moon, at the dark, brilliant-red bloom of a dying cigarette, at the gaping, black abyss of another boy's pupils and *knows*.

Billy steps up to him, crowds him against the car door, and they're out in the open air, but Billy was always best at taking up space, at getting Steve exactly where Billy wants him.

He lets Billy catch his jaw, squeeze at the hinges. It's sweet, in a painful, pitiful way because Billy always follows it by telling Steve how pretty he is, how soft.

Not tonight, though.

Instead, Billy leans in, eyes focused on the arches of Steve's lips, "You been lost, pretty boy?"

"What the fuck does that even mean?" Steve snaps, impatient and ready to foul the mood so they can just *get on with it*.

Billy doesn't laugh, but he *grins*. It's sharp and unkind, white teeth glistening in the moonlight; predatory and hungry, and it makes the hairs at Steve's nape stand on-end.

"Careful there, princess," Billy warns, gliding tongue over dry lips and Steve can't help but stare, "I would hate to give you a broken nose when we both know you came for something else."

Steve snorts; irritation crawling up the line of his spine, but the idea of a fistfight ignites a flare of liquid heat in his gut. Playing games

isn't Steve's forte, neither is playing coy.

Steve swallows, slow and rough, and murmurs, "Then hit me, Hargrove. You always liked me better in bruises anyway."

The smile freefalls from Billy's face; exposes something raw and untempered, but Billy just takes the hand hovering at Steve's jaw and pats Steve's cheek, once, twice, three times.

Crickets chirp in the silence between them, the subtle rustling of leaves, the soft sound of their mingled breathing.

It happens faster than a lightning strike.

Blink-and-you-miss-it.

Billy's hand slides back, twists in Steve's hair, and *pulls*. Steve arches with the strain, teeth grinding into the soft length of his own tongue.

"I could never figure out why you like this shit so much, Harrington," Billy smirks into the skin of Steve's throat, sly and cruel. "What made you so fucked up?"

Steve's offers a pained gasp in response before it melts into a stilted, humorless laugh; red creeping over plush lips, "Show me yours, I'll show you mine."

"That's cute, but you know how I feel about sharing."

Billy keeps Steve's head craned back, free hand sliding to the waistband of Steve's jeans. The button gives, easy as anything, no resistance. Steve's breathing snags when Billy palms the length of him, bare and hot and aching.

Steve needs this more than he'll ever admit.

And Billy *knows* it.

"It's okay, baby boy. You know I'll take care of you," Billy croons, open mouth wet and sliding against Steve's cheek.

Steve lets Billy's hand glide over him, root to tip; he's leaking,

turning Billy's touch from rough to slick. It's perfect, messy and indelicate because Billy doesn't do gentle, doesn't do soft.

Billy isn't *sweet*.

And Steve *craves* it like an addict.

Steve's hands come up, curl in the denim of Billy's jacket, pulls him close. "Don't-," Steve's voice catches on a moan, "Don't *tease* me, you asshole."

Billy sighs against Steve's bloody mouth, "Hush," he says, nothing more than a quiet murmur, "You know I'm good for it."

"Show me," Steve says, because he's needy, high on the way Billy plays him, and he's not going to get this from anyone else. He doesn't *want* it from anyone else.

Billy's hand gives a particularly wicked twist on the upstroke, and when Steve parts his lips in a gasp, Billy catches Steve's mouth with his own.

It's calculated, it always is; threading the line of too-much and not-enough, but when Billy scrapes his teeth over Steve's bottom lip, Steve loses himself to a downward spiral.

They've done this enough times that Billy knows the signs, knows the fresh blush painting Steve's cheeks, the stutter of his hips into Billy's fist.

"Come on," Billy soothes, "Come on, let me see it."

"*Shit*," Steve grits, harsh and wild.

"Yeah, baby." Billy noses the line of Steve's jaw, traces the tip of his tongue over the shell of Steve's ear, "Give it to me."

There's a sharp inhale and Steve's hips give one final kick, release smearing over Billy's hand.

Billy's laugh is low and vicious in Steve's ear, breath flushing hotly over his throat and his softening cock gives a halfhearted jerk, still

trapped in Billy's palm.

The other boy pulls away slowly, blue eyes tracing over Steve's bloody lips as he wipes his hand on the fabric of Steve's polo, "You're a real sweetheart, Harrington."

Steve rolls his eyes as he shoves himself back into his jeans, "Fuck you, Hargrove."

Billy's backing away, lighting a cigarette, eyes bright in the darkness, "Careful, you know I can't say no to a pretty boy like you."

It shouldn't, but those words curl between Steve's ribs, sink into his gut, make him hungry for more than what he's already gotten. His nerves feel singed, flesh burning; he's filled with molten heat that makes his knees weak.

All of this, and Steve knows.

He *knows* Billy Hargrove is a wildfire.

And Steve swears he holds the taste of smoke on the back of his tongue.

Author's Note:

title and italicized bit are from 'my heart is the worst kind of weapon' by fall out boy.

this is absolutely not what i intended to write, but you know, angst-fueled hand jobs in the middle of nowhere are always a good way to pass the time.

i'm on tumblr? under the same name? it's mostly pictures of the desert and me complaining about grad school but maybe stop by if you wanna?